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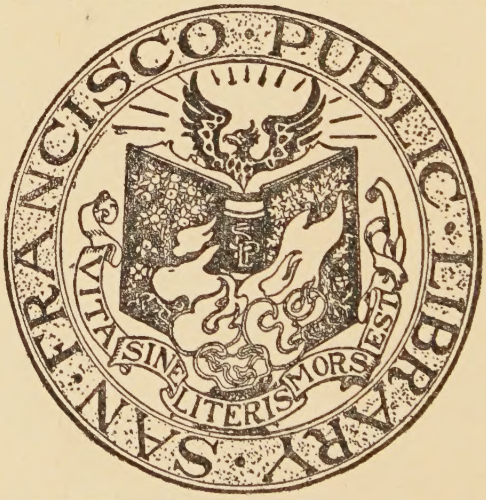

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SUNRISE HOURS

OR

DUBBS,

SEPTIMETERS OF SEVEN

RICHARD E. THOMPSON

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BOSTON

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E

SUNRISE HOURS
OR
DUBBS

To you—who have a care—O, would that
this might prove an hour or two of smiles—
a little sunshine caught among the clouds. . . . .

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*

You are only a wee little fellow now, boy——
And your heart is as white as the snow.
You are scarcely begun on the Journey of Life—
O'er that Sea Where a Thousand Winds Blow.
You shall quaff of sweet joys. You shall gulp drafts of pain.
You shall learn, boy, of bliss, and of strife.
You shall struggle and win! You shall struggle and lose.
Yes—for that is the stuff, boy, of Life. . . . .
May you live, boy, and laugh! May you work. May you play.
May you dream, boy. . . . and, boy—may you *love!*
May you love and find life! . . . .And—and, boy, may you learn
The great love of your Father above . . . . .
You are only—a wee little fellow now, boy.
There are years between Seven and *you*. . . .
O, I never can spell out my wish for you, boy—
But God knows how I pray 'twill come true!

*

PARDON

This book is intended not so much for those who are now children as for those who have been children. It is an adult book.

Were Dubbs to talk vocally to you, you would have little difficulty in understanding his words and would not be distracted by a multitude of apostrophes clinging about them. Unfamiliar apostrophes, therefore, have not been placed where he omits letters and syllables.

But the contracted words which he uses retain the sounds, naturally, of their originals. For instance, his "terble" is simply 'terrible' pronounced in two syllables. Nothing other.

'Of' from him is nearly always "a"—as in 'sofa' —and is then represented merely by the letter 'a'.

Thank you.

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I WONDER WHYS THEY CALLS ME *DUBBS*?

I wonder whys they calls me *Dubbs*? I think I usta know.
An maybe cuz I *does*. Or's dumb! . . .But well, I likes it tho.
Or maybe it's acuz I don't. But *don't* don't sound like *Dubbs*.
Ooh, maybe mom ull tell me. Ooh, but mama calls me *Bubbs*!
I *wonder* whys they does it?— Dubbs—it's such a funny name!
But I don't care it is or not, I likes it just the same.
My dad, he said they—*dub* me Dubbs. Guess *dub* must mean to *say* . . . . .
But even does they *dubs* me Dubbs, it's only just in play.
I guess I'll ask my pop, I guess. Guess he'll know why, I guess.
But even does he doesn't, I won't like it any less . . . . .
A corse I likes my mon the BEST, an, mom, she calls me Bubbs—
But, all my friends—they's awful nice—an, they all calls me, DUBBS.

I WISH MY MOM UD BREAK THAT BOWL—

I wish my mom ud break that bowl—it's never any good.
An if my mama wouldn't, then I wish my papa would.
It only sits there on the shelf a-takin up the room.
I wish my gramma'd knock it off a-sweepin with the broom!
Tud only take a little shove—it tisn't on so tight.
An if it ever tumbled off it sure ud *smash* all right.
But maybe that ud break the bear. Ooh, that ud never do!
I guess it hadn't better fall, cuz *he's* just china too!
A bear a handle for a *bowl!* You harble, homely *bowl!*
I'd like to bust you on the floor if bear ud all stay whole!
Well, maybe by an by tull *crack.* I don't think *they* ud care.
Cuz I ud tell um never mind— An *I* could keep the bear!

I GOT A REELY LETTER—

I got a reely letter thru the mail the other day.
My papa sent it all to me, an cuz he'd went away.
The mailman bringed it up the steps an handed it to me.
He said, "I got some mail for you: it's got your name on. See?"
An I said, "Yes," and nodded yes, an watched him shut the gate.
I thought ut that wuz best to do, tho, *dear,* tuz hard to wait.
An then I teared the end off quick an reached my hand inside—
An whens I found I'd tored the page I nearly almost died!
But I just frowned an opened it, an then I *wuz* so glad.
Now, cuz tuz just the empty part. But *that* wuz *pretty* bad.
But now he's all got pasted up, an's good as ever, too.
An maybe, little better—cuz I likes to smell the glue.

IT'S ALWAYS WHEN I'M HAVIN FUN—

It's always when I'm havin fun they calls me in the house!
An just to wash my face an hands, an give my head a souse!
An sometimes whens they calls like that, I thinks I just won't *go*—
But then I kind a change my mind. . . . .It's hard to do it, tho.
An cuz I just don't *run* right in, they scolds me, mmm, a lot.
I spose they'd like to see me *run,* an get all *boilin hot!*
An then they scrub me awful hard, an—rubs off half my skin.
I guess they don't remember ut the dirt is only thin. . . . .
An won't I just get soiled again? An get all, you know, dust?
I'll *never* wash when I are big. No matter if I rust.
They bring me in an, just for *that.* I thinks it's pretty mean. . . . .
It's not the *bein* clean so much. It's more the *gettin* clean.

IT'S GETTIN THERE! IT'S GETTIN THERE!

It's gettin there! It's gettin there! Just seven minutes more,
An then the hand ull point to twelve, an that ull mean it's four!
An when it gets to four o'clock, you know whut happens then—
I hasta go an meet my pop an bring him home again!
Corse that's just only Saturdays. But corse so that's to-day.
An, boy, I loves to go meet dad! I drather lots than play.
I wouldn't wanta meet um all, cuz some of um is bad.
I guess they most is pretty good. But not so good as dad! . . . . .
I guess Jerome's is pretty good, an—Duggy Bugbee's too.
But just the same they isn't *dad.* An none of um ud do.
I think my dad's the bestest dad of *any other boy.*
An Saturdays he's bester. Cuz—he always brings a toy!

I LIKE THE MAN WHUT BRINGS THE COAL.

I like the man whut brings the coal. He always
smiles so kind—
An tho he sees me watchin him he never seems to
mind.
An sides he always brings the coal in horses—
don't you know?
An whens he wants to move um round he yells,
"Giddap there!— Whoa!"
An one of um is nice an brown. The other's only
white.
He'll let me pat the brown one, but the other's
apt to bite.
An when the man, he's fixed the chutes, he gives
the coals a ride!
An, ooh, I watch an think an, *ooh,* if *I* could have
a slide!
The coalman, *he* could take a slide—at leasts
when he wuz done.
Ooh, coalmens, can't they have just *loads,* an
loads an *loads* a fun!
It must be nice to get like that, so black all every
place. . . . .
I bets they never call for *him* to make him wash
his face!

I ALWAYS WONDER BOUT THE CLOUDS. . . . .

I always wonder bout the clouds. . . . .whut sails across the sky—
I wonder where they's goin there—an how they got so high?. . . . .
They's way up high above the house—way high above the trees—
An they is sailin on an on—just floatin in the breeze. . . . .
An they must see most everythin, a-sailin off so *far*—
Unness they hasn't any eyes! I wonders whut they —*are?* . . . . .
My papa says they's only mist— An, spose my pop must know,
But still they doesn't *look* like mist. I spose they must be tho.
It must be dandy, bein clouds, an floatin way so high!
Cuz they just drifts just everywhere. . . . just driftin thru the sky. . . . .
I spose they's mist like papa says, but . . . . . they's not mist to me—
They's fluffy ships ut God has made, an sent away to sea—

MY GRAMMA'S GOT A KOOKOO CLOCK—

My gramma's got a kookoo clock, an every time, you know,
The biggest hand, it gets up top, then "Kookoo" he ull go!
An one o'clock he does it once, an two o'clock, now, two,
An then they is a little door that closes whens he's thru!
An I just loves that kookoo clock. It's just the nicest thing
Cuz, ooh, I *loves* to stand an watch an see the kookoo sing!
But hows he always tells the time, it always—puzzles me:
Cuz sure the door's shut awful tight, so how's the kookoo *see*?
I—kinda—wished he'd get mixed up; I reely wished he would
An always think tuz twelve o'clock, an I could see him *good.*
I're goin in to see him now—he'll pretty soon strike five. . . . .
O dear, I wish that little bird, he'd reely get alive!

I USTA HATE THE BARBER SHOP—

I usta hate the barber shop, ooh, usta hate it *bad.*
But now whens my old head gets long, I'm only sorta glad.
Cuz now it's sorta *intrestin,* an's like a reely man.
But corse I've growed lots *older* now un whens I first began.
Cuz first I couldn't go alone, cuz barbers *scared* me so!
But corse I's only little then, cuz that uz *long* ago.
They never clip me now no more, an never use pressed air—
Cuz *now* they knows they itches me, or else I wouldn't care.
So now they only cuts my hair, an brushes it away,
An soaks whut's left with nice bay rum sos they can make it stay.
An then he takes an rubs so *hard*—an slicks it harble swell.
An comin home, the boys I meets, I gives um all a smell. . . . .

I'S SITTIN BY MYSELF IN HERE—

I's sittin by myself in here, an ooh, it's terble dark.
But I'm not fraid—not *even scared.* I bets I'm *not.* I's— *Hark!*—
I thinked for sure I heared a noise. It sorta come from *there*—
They's nothin over there I'm sure— Unness they's hind that chair!
Say, *hay* there! Whut's you hind that chair?— They's nothin there atall.
Cuz if they wuz, they'd oogered out, acuz they'd heard me call.
Say, *hay* there!— Nothin's there *atall.* But whut could made that noise?—
I wonder if they *could* be spooks ut eats up little boys?
I'm— *Hark!*— I's *sure* I heard it then!—a *awful spooky scratch!*
I wonder when my pop comed home he thought to click the latch?
I don't remember it uz on when I bringed in the broom!—
I—I forgot my hankychif. IT'S IN THE OTHER ROOM.

A BEAR

I'd terble hate
To see a bear
A-crouchin down
Aside his lair!
I wouldn't care
If he ud *care*—
I'd only quick
Get *out* a there!

*

Ooh—I'd not be
His bill a fare!

*

Ooh, never, NEVER!—
I's too rare!

THAT BUZZY BEE

I usta think
That buzzy bee
Wuz tryin hard
To taste a me!
But now I see
I didn't see
Ut I wuz right
In front his tree!

*

But *nows* I bets
I doesn't be!

*

I bets I's not, boy—
Tastes arn't free!

I GOT A BRAN-NEW PAIR A SHOES!

I got a bran-new pair a shoes! Just buyed um to the store!
They's lace-up shoes like mens all wears, an, bigger an before.
An tan! Why, they's the *tannest* shoes!— They's tan as shoes could *get!*
My other shoes wuz terble tan, but these is tanner yet!
I wonder how they *got* so tan?— I wonders how? Don't you?
They won't need shinin for a month. Ooh, guess they won't for *two.*
An say! an these is *secret* shoes. You wants to know, I bet!
They's waterproof! Sos you can walk in water whens it's wet!
They *said* they's proof. But dady says they'll maybe leak on me—
I guess I'll fill um up with water. Then I'll surely *see.*
But, ooh, I *likes* um anyhow, no matter *does* they leak.
Cuz every time I take a step they makes a dandy squeak!

I THINK UT THAT—

I think ut that is awful strange, that thing ut dady said—
That we is just where China wuz, at night whens I'm in bed.
Cuz when in mornin I gets up, we're only always here!
An still that's just whut papa said— I thinks it's pretty queer.
An still that's *just* whut papa said— An think ut pop ud lie?
Well, *huh,* I *guess* he *wouldn't!* Not no more un he ud *cry!*
But still it does seem terble strange—cuz we gets *home* so quick!
Whoever goes an moves us round, he does it mighty slick!
An all the stuff I left outside, they's not been changed atall—
My cart, an bat, they's layin there, an so's my tennis ball. . . . .
It's pretty strange. I guess tonight I'll just wake up an see!—
But *ooh*! spose all the *Chinamens* are *starin in* at me!

UMM, *APPLES!* I GOT *APPLES!*

Umm, *apples!* I got *apples!* See? Got *apples!*
See? Got *four!*
An if I didn't eated two I'd have a couple more.
An *umm!* they's just the bestest kind!—all *ooh,*
an *umm,* so sweet!
Just guess ut I could eat, an eat, an eat, an eat,
an *eat!*
An— Ooh, look out! I's droppin um! Ooh, did he
bruise? Let's see!
I wouldn't wanta spoil um cuz they just wuz gived
to me!
An I are gonta take um one to each my mom an
dad.
But don't you tell now. I'll *asprise* um! Tell, an
I'll be mad!
Umm— Guess I'll eat another one. But wait an
let me see:
Cuz if I eat another, then I'll just have only three.
But if I gives um each one *one,* they's still a couple
yet—
O, *you* go take a couple! But that's alls you're
gonta get.

I THINKS IT'S ONLY PRETTY MEAN—

I thinks it's only pretty mean to make me waste my time
A-playin lots a little *dots!* I thinks it's just a *crime!*
But *huh,* that's whuts I hasta do—a HOUER *every day!*
An gotta do it *all* the *time* until I learn to play!
An I've a *million* things to do astead a doin *that.*
But when'd I'd just got home from school, there *Mister Teacher* sat.
They never said a word before. They *slied* it onta me.
An then the teacher went an said I'd *"like* it"—
Wait an *see!*. . . . .
An then he made me learn a "scale", an, try an learn some notes.
An out the window *all* the while the boys uz sailin boats! . . . . .
It's *stupid* learnin how to play— It's *dumb.* An whut's some more,
It's FOOLISHNESS—cuz whut's on *earth's* our *lectric player* for?

MY SHADOW'S AWFUL FUNNY—

My shadow's awful funny— Sometimes, ooh, so big an tall,
An then in just a minute, he is only tiny small!
An if I does the leastest thing, he *always does* it *too.*
An always he does *everything*—the *leastest* thing I do.
An ifs I goes an wears a hat, then *he* just wears a hat.
An if I don't, then *he* don't, cuz he's such a *copy-cat.*
An if I runs, why, *he* runs *too.* An ifs I walks, he *walks.*
But I can *talk* an he won't talk, cuz shadas *never* talks.
They hasn't *brains* enuf to talk—can't even make a *sound.*
An alls ut *they's* the brains to do is—folla you around! . . . . .
They's *sometimes I* is fraid a dark. Ooh. *He's* just *always* fraid.
He'll *never* follow cept it's light. Huh. *Even scared* of *shade!*

I'M AWFUL SORRY FOR THE POOR—

I'm awful sorry for the poor, a-workin hard an sad.
An always whens I think a them I feels just *awful* bad.
An *poor* old folks—an all so *poor,* an nothin nice to eat:
Just dry old bread an alls like that, an never nothin sweet—
An only wored-out shoes to wear, an rags whut's all got tored,
An only second-handed coats whut other people's wored—
An always feelin sorta sick, an, always sorta blue,
An nothin nice to think about, an, nothin nice to do—
An all acuz they *is* so *poor*—an can't buy *nothin* good.
I'd think ut that wuz terble bad if them wuz *me,* I would.
I guess I'll pray for them tonight, if mama says I can. . . . .
An, I ull always *help* the poor, now, whens I are a man.

IF I WUZ POOR—

If I wuz poor you wanta know whut I ud go an do?
I wouldn't stay that sorry way—all blue, an—sick, an—blue.
I'd just get all the things I got, my wagon, an my bat,
My ball, an glove, an vlocipede, an everythin like that,
An take an sell um all, an— But—I guess I wouldn't tho.
I guess I wouldn't sell my things acuz I likes um so.
Now let me see whut would I do. I'd— I know! I know now.
I'd work. I'd be a taxi man. But ooh, I don't know how!
Now let me see whut *would* I do astead a feelin sad?
It's pretty good I're *not* poor tho. It must be dreadful bad.
Ooh, *now* I knows! If I uz poor you think ut I ud care?
Why, I ud just go to the *bank,* an get some moneys there!

LOOK OUT OR I ULL EATCHA UP!

Look out or I ull eatcha up! Can eatcha up, I can!
You better quick get out the way, cuz I'm an *eatcha* man!
I'll— *Boo!*— Ja know ut it wuz me? I betcha didn't know!
That's why I tooked my—facefalse off: I's fraid you'd reely go!
Cuz isn't it a scary one? He looks so awful ***mean.***
An you know why I has it—cuz tonight, it's Halloween!
An then I's gonta *all* dress up, an reely *black* my face,
If mom ull only let me— An go callin every place!
An say, they is a *party* whuts I'm gonta go to too!
O dear, I wish tud *always* last an *never* go get thru!
I just ud like to black so black they'd *never* get me clean,
An then I'd hafta always play tuz *always* Halloween!

I WENTED TO THE PARTY.

I wented to the party. Ooh, an lookut all I got!
I didn't know you *getted* things, but, boy, I got a lot!
An lookut! See? I winned this tie! I winned it in a game!
I think they's sorta laughin, but I winned it just the same.
An isn't it a pretty tie? An see this pumpkin face!
An this, an this, an this, an this, they all uz by my place!
An they wuz eats— An *doughnuts too!* An candies hunged on strings.
An they wuz lots an lots a games, an—ooh, a lots a things. . . . .
I'm pretty glad I won this prize— I're glad I *winned* it too.
I think it's pretty pretty—*awful* pretty; doesn't you?
I'm glad it tuz a necktie, cuz I loves a lots a ties. . . . .
I wuz the very—lastest one. An so I winned the prize.

I SAID MY PRAYERS ALONE TONIGHT.

I said my prayers alone tonight. I doned it one time more.
An I wuz awful careful bout the things I ast Him for.
For it's not nice to ask for much—too *awful* much, you know.
Just ask for whut you *reely wants,* if God, He wills it so.
O, *no*—ooh, this is whut she said—I wished I'd done it too—
That you can ask for *everythin,* by sayin whens you're thru:
I'd like this all just awful much, but give me whut is best.
Just give me whuts You *wants* to give, an never mind the rest. . . . .
But, well—I guess I prayed enuf: I prayed for mom, an dad—
An whens I'd prayed for *everyone,* I felt all—*sorta glad!* . . . . .
I said my prayers alone tonight— They wuzn't very long.
But I ast God to bless us all, an grow me big an strong.

CHOCLATE CAKE

I think that I
Ud like to make
The biggest ever
Choclate cake
An put it in
The sun to bake!
An then the biggest
Piece I'd take!
But—that might wake
A tummy ache!

MAMA. . . .BLUE

I think ut I
Ull hafta do
Whatever mama
Wants me to.
She's feelin bad,
So wouldn't you? . . .
I'll stick to her as
Tight as glue
Until she's *thru*
A-feelin blue!

WHEN SUNDAY MORNIN COMES ALONG—

When Sunday mornin comes along I're always
awful glad,
Cuz then I goes to *Sunday* School. Unness it rains
too bad.
They gets my face all shinin good, until it sorta
stings,
An then they gets me all dressed up in all my best-
est things,
An thens I hurries right down stairs, sos I'll have
time to eat.
Cuz, *umm,* on Sundays breakfast means, ooh,
cakes an sausage meat!
An whens I've eated alls I can, I gets my duds, an
then,
An hurries off to Sunday School, ness I'll be late
again.
An sometimes whens I'm terble late I runs a little
ways—
But genrally I drather run on just some *other*
days.
An whens I gets to Sunday School, I always hasta
smile,
A-thinkin all the sound I'll make a-squeakin up the
aisle.

IT'S PRETTY NICE IN SUNDAY SCHOOL—

It's pretty nice in Sunday School— I likes it awful good.
An sides, when you's in Sunday School you's doin whut you should.
An once I got to Sunday School before it got begun,
An then I helped to put the chairs, an, had just lots of fun.
An first you sings a song to God, an then you takes your chair,
An then you gets a ticket, just for *only bein* there.
An whens you get, now, ten of um, you gets the nicest card—
An I ull get one by an by. At least I's tryin hard.
An then the basket, it gets passed, an, then some other things,
An back they rolls the growed-ups' doors, an everybody sings.
Then Doctor North—he says a prayer, an all's got over then—
An so I gets my duds an goes a-squeakin home again. . . . .

AT CLECTION-TIME IN SUNDAY SCHOOL—

At clection-time in Sunday School, the one whut's
been the best
Can go an get the basket down an pass it to the
rest . . . . .
An *two* times they has chosen me. I doned it just
today—
An I are good an careful, boy, sos *all* has gotta
pay.
I keep a-watchin alls the time. I never looks about,
Cuz if I did, they's some of um could grab some
moneys *out.*
An whens I comes to *some* of um I hasta sorta
grin,
Cuz I can tell by watchin um they *hates* to put it
in.
But most of um, they drops theirs in a-smilin like
they *should.*
An they's the ones ut's *reely* good, an *likes* to do
whut's good. . . . .
I love to pass the basket round—I *loves* to—cuz
—you see,
It's reely doin work for *God,* an God's so *good* to
me.

OOH—

Ooh—don't you *love* a ferryboat, an love to take a ride?
An don't you think ut it's the mostest fun you've ever tried?
Ooh— Guess they's nothin—but my *mom*—ut I likes *near* so good.
I guess I'd ride until I died if, ooh, I only could! . . . . .
Those men ut throw those ropes an things—ooh, guess I'd just be those.
But I ud be the captain, too, an holler whens it goes.
An I ud cost— But ooh! Forgot! The engine!—*he's* the best!
I guess I'd be the engine man—an just sit down an rest—
But ooh! Forgot the pilot! Ooh, an he knows, where to go!
An he can *gong,* an, steer that wheel an, make the whistle blow!
An he can see, ooh—*everywhere,* his cabin's—ooh, so tall! . . . . .
Ooh, I'd be *him!*— But *all's* so—*grand!*— Ooh'll —hafta be um *all*!

I JUST THINK LIFE'S—

I just think life's a *horrid* thing! They's *nothin nice atall!*
My vlocipede's all busted. An my scooter's *loads* too small.
An look—this harble itchy suit! It rubs my neck a *lot!*
Just *hates* it *lots!*— Just *hates* the world! Just *hates* just *alls* I got!
An sides I's gotta keep it *clean,* an, *can't* go off the *walk!*
An all thissafternoon an sit an hear those *compnies talk—!*
An then they'll bring in *macaroons*—the *worstest kind* I *hate!*
An then they'll talk an talk an *talk,* an dinner ull be late!
An *ooh!* I gotta *practice too!* O *dear,* I'm *itchy* mad!
Think life's a mean old *horrid thing!*— It's only *harble bad!*
Whut good is alls the junk I got?— I bets my neck's all *red!*
O dear! If wuz I old enuf I'd wish I'd just get *dead!*

UM-*YUM*, YOU SMELL THE TURKEY?

Um-*yum*, you smell the turkey? Don't he smell
just *terble* good?
I betcha I could eat um *all* if mom ud say I could!
An see? I got his feathers! I are *Indians* today!
An when you get done readin, will you come out-
side an play?
An I ull let you shoot my bow—it shoots reel
pretty far:
It shoots from right ahind the house to where the
grape vines are!
An you can— *Umm!* Just *smell* um *now!*— I bets
he's all like rust!
An everythin! An *gingerbread*! *With choclate*
stead a crust!—
My mama says it's for to thank dear God for *all*
you got. . . . .
I better hurry up an start—I've such a *awful lot!*
I hopes I won't forget a lot, now, when I starts
to pray. . . . .
An *oohs!* I *sure* must thank Him ut *Thanksgivin*
Day's *today!*

IT'S SNOWIN! SEE? IT'S SNOWIN!—

It's snowin! See? It's snowin!— Just see *there*:
it's awful deep!
It musta snowed a terble load all while I wuz to
sleep!
An see? it's keepin comin down! Ooh, I are *awful*
glad!
But if it ever *dares* to stop, ooh, won't I just be
mad!
Ooh, I are gonta hurry down an hurry right out-
side!
But first I'm gonta get my sled, an go an take a
ride!
Ooh, I are gonta make a man! An roll a great big
ball!
Ooh, I are gonta make a fort!—with secret holes
an all! . . . . .
I wonder is it packy snow, or if it won't pack
good?
O dear, I wish tud *never* stop! I wish tud *never*
would!
Ooh, there! see there! see there, see there! Just
see those snowflakes blow! . . . . .
I just wish I's a *snow* man—*that's* how much I
loves the snow!

I GOT THIS CLOCK MOST ALL APART.

I got this clock most all apart. I'm fixin it, you know.
I gotta take it all apart acuz he wouldn't go.
He looked all right, but just the same he always told a lie.
An sos I's taked him all apart to see the reason why.
At first I thought it must be dead. I thinked his brains had died.
But now he hasn't *got* no brains—he's only wheels inside!
But look! They's sures enuf a them! Ooh, *see* the awful pile!
An I ull get some others loosed before an nawful while. . . . .
But I have broked my hammer now, a-fixin this old clock.
They wuz some wheels whut wouldn't come. It took a terble knock.
But soon I'll get it all apart, an *easy* fix it then.
But ooh!—they's lots a loads a wheels I won't put back again.

TOMORRA'S *REELY CHRISTMAS!*

Tomorra's *reely Christmas!* An tonight—it's *Christmas Eve!*
Tomorra, boy, I'll find whut mom an pop has up they sleeve!
I seed it whens he bringed it home. I seed it comin in!
Tuz *awful big,* an awful *long,* but—*ooh,* tuz *only thin!*
I only seed a little, but it's whut I *wants* I bet!
But mom ull never tell me bout the things I'm gonta get.
The mostest thing she'd tell me wuz it's somethin ut I'll like!
An I just guess I bet I knows! I bets—a *scooter-bike!*
O *dear,* I's glad! An they'll be, ooh, just loads an loads a things!
But *everythin's* from mom an dad—they's *not* whut *Santa* brings!
When people tries to say they *is,* it makes me, ooh, so *mad.*
Cuz *mama's* only *Santa,* an his *Claus,* they's *only dad!*

I GOTTED IT! I GOTTED IT!

I gotted it! I gotted it! It *tuz* a scooter-bike!
An mama *sure* did *said* it when she said tuz whut I'd like!
An see, it's got a coocky horn! An see? A springy seat!
An reely rubber pedals sos it wouldn't hurt your feet!
Ooh, isn't it a dandy? See the stand?— An *ooh!* Ooh, see!
A reely truly lectric train they went an gotted me!
Ooh—isn't Christmas awful *good!* An here's my soldiers! Look!
They's reely *Mercan* soldiers, cuz!— An here's my *paintin* book!
An see?— Ooh, *Christmases* is *best!* An him— O, *he* does stunts!
O *dear,* I wish I just could play with *everythin* at *once!*
Ooh, isn't Christmas, *ooh,* so *terble*—alls the things you get!
Ooh *boy,* it's good! An *oohie,* boy, it *tisn't over yet!*

PIES

I been with mom an
Buyed some pies
To where we gets the
Jelly Fries.
I hasta watch her
When she buys—
Or she don't buy the
Biggest size!

PRETTY THINGS

I loves all kind a
Pretty things. . . . .
Now, rainbows, chimes, an
Pretty rings. . . . .
An flowers, clocks, an
Bluebirds' wings. . . . .
An bumblebees, but—
Not their stings!

I LIKES TO WATCH THE PLUMBER MAN—

I likes to watch the plumber man ut fixes pipes an things—
I likes to watch um when he works, an all the stuffs he brings.
He's got a funny little stove ut makes a *whooy* sound,
An awful dreadful loads a tools, an leaves um all around!
An then he's got a great big box ut, *ooh,* holds such a lot!
An I don't guess ut I can think a *half* the stuffs he's got.
An sometimes they is *two* of um, whut looks, now, *just* the same—
Cept one of um is awful tall, an, one is fat an lame.
An plumbers always takes they time—they moves so awful slow.
I always think tiz awful nice, that easy way they go.
An plumbers always gets some—things just slick for whens you play. . . . .
I hoped he'd leave those—wored-out pipes. . . . . He tooked um all away—

WHEN COMPNIES COME TO DINE AT NIGHT—

When compnies come to dine at night I'm always
good an glad.
Tho corse I doesn't like um likes I like my mom
an dad.
But always things are nicest thens—the bestest
things to eat—
Now, jam, an cake, an, *umm!*—ice cream! An
everythins ut's sweet!
An everybody stands an waits, a-standin hind
their chair—
An sometimes I'd just like to sit an leave um
standin there!
A corse I'll never *do* it tho. Cuz, ooh, tud be so
bad!
A corse I'd just be jokin um. But, *ooh,* they'd get
so mad!
An whens the blessin's been all said, they serve
things *awful* slow.
An I can only sit an watch an wonder wheres tull
go. . . . .?
It sometimes seems I *couldn't* wait till all those
plates get passed—
I'm always—*harble* hungry, buts they makes me
wait till—last. . . . .

I GUESS IT'S GOIN GETTIN SPRING—

I guess it's goin gettin Spring, cuz Spring all *smells* so nice!
An sun, he's tryin pretty hard to chase the snow an ice . . . . .
An I are pretty terble glad cuz winter's gonta go.
Cuz I are *tired* a winter, an, now, Spring, I *loves* it so.
Cuz Spring's so nice, an *smells* so nice, an's nice an warm an all—
Cuz winter's hadta run acuz he heard his mama call!
He's *runnin* down the gutters ut's all snow all longs the side!
But you can easy jump him cuz they *isn't* very wide.
An they is dandy rivers—you know—playin sail-in boats?
You just chucks in a little stick an off *away*. . . . . it floats!
Ooh, I thinks Spring's the bestest bester! All's so *singy* then!
But ifs the Spring—wuz *always* Spring—Spring couldn't *come* again. . . . .

JA LIKE TO SEE MY EASTER EGGS?

Ja like to see my Easter eggs? Got *six* of um!
Ooh, *see!*
My mama an my dady they has dyed um all for
me!
I mustn't ever eat um tho: the colors might go
thru—
An that ud make a terble ache, an maybe *die* me
too!
But isn't they just *pretty,* all so—*blue,* an—*green,*
an—*red* . . . . .
I guess I'll ask my mama can I take um all to bed!
I had a choclate rabbit an some candy eggs before.
An they wuz, *ooh,* so *terble* good just wish they
wuz some more!
I wish it tuz *thissmornin*— *Then* I'd have just all
I had!
An Easter'd be just *startin,* an I'd just be *pretty*
glad.
I usta think ut Easter meaned a—you know—kind
a hat.
But mama says ut Easter means a great deal more
un that. . . . .

IT'S TERBLE HARD TO MAKE A CHOICE—

It's terble hard to make a choice, but guess I gotta say,
A trolley car's the reely best. I'd choose it *any* day.
I mean when you are travelin, or's goin for a ride.
I usta bet a boat uz best but, now I'm—fraid I lied.
Cuz ooh, I *loves* to watch the man. The man up front, you know.
I means the man ut sorta steers, an makes it stop an go.
An, ooh, I lovesta *stand* up front an watch um turn those things!
An, ooh—they's tracks way off so far. . . . .An then that *gong* he rings!
An one time dady talked to him, an, then when he got thru
He said, "You like a trolley car?" An I said, "Yes. I do." . . . . .
It's pretty strange— A man like that can say he *works* that way.
Whens *I* does things, not *half* so fun, they goes an calls it, *play*—?

I'D LOVE TO MAKE A PICTURE—

I'd love to make a picture like that one that's on the wall—
It's such a pretty picture, with those trees an clouds an all. . . . .
It's such a pretty picture, such a *pretty* picture. See:
They is a mountain way off there, just far as it could be. . . . .
I loves those kinda way-off things— An ooh, I *loves* those trees. . . . .
An see, they's noddin, just a little, cuz they is a breeze!
An maybe they's some little birds, now where it looks so deep,
An when the breeze it blows like that, it rocks the birds to sleep!
I loves to draw. I lovesta lots. It's such a lot of fun.
But I can't draw as good as that—it's such a *pretty* one—
See, here I've drawed this little dog, an this un is a cat.
But. . . . .tho I tries just awful hard, I can't do well as that. . . . .

I SAWED A AWFUL FUNNY THING—

I sawed a awful funny thing—a little piece a cart!
The man's so slow he didn't know the end had comed apart!
He kept a-ridin right along, an never looked behind.
But betcha when he *does* turn round, ut *thens* he's gonta mind!
He just kept on a-ridin on, a-never lookin back.
He must be pretty terble deaf or he'd a-heard it crack.
The horse kept goin right on too— But horses, *they* don't know.
They just as lief pull *anythin,* if onlys it ull go.
I bets that man ull be asprised—I bet he's *gonta* care,
A-turnin round to find his cart an finds it tisn't there!
It makes me laugh. But just the same I bets ut *he* don't laugh.
I bets he's *ugly* whens he finds he's losed the other half.

MY DADY SAYS THAT FUNNY CART—

My dady says that funny cart I thinked I saw today,
It hadn't comed apart like that. Tuz only *made* that way.
He said it just had *two* wheels cuz they only always do.
He said they's always *wagons* when they's four wheels stead a two.
I never heard a that before—that they's a diffrunt name.
I always thinked a *wagon* an a *cart,* they's just the same.
But sposen you wuz ridin, an your wagon comed apart?
Then whut's your wagon? *Wagon?* Or you ridin in a *cart*?
O dear, it's terble mixy-up! It makes me awful mad!
An how's you gonta ever tell? I'll hasta ask old dad.
Well, *anyhow* tuz *funny,* an it only made me laugh—
A wagon ridin long the street without the other half!

I LOVES TO WATCH THE PRETTY MOON. . . . .

I loves to watch the pretty moon. . . . .it's up so terble far
That if you catched it you could reach an grab a little star!
Tonight it's like a little boat whut's sailin cross the sea. . . . .
An sometimes, tho, it's like a ball, just round as it can be.
I likes it best, tho, like tonight—a boat so shiny bright
That even tho it's nighttime now, it tisn't reely *night*. . . . .
They say it's bigger an it looks— Just spose tuz half a *mile!*
O *dear* I'd *love* to *play* with it!—for just a *little* while! . . . . .
I *loves* the moon. An *it* likes me. At least I guesses so,
Cuz *everywhere* it follows me, no matter *where* I go!—
I guess ut soon as I are big I'll buy a big baloon,
An then I'll hide till night, an then—I'll try an *catch* the moon!

IT'S RAININ AWFUL DRIZZLY RAIN—

It's rainin awful drizzly rain, an all the sky's all grey—
It always hasta go an rain, now, whens I want to play. . . . .
A-rainin, rainin rainy rain!— I guess tull *never* stop.
An if it *does* tull be too late to buy my glass a pop!
Cuz it ud "spoil my dinner"—whens it *wouldn't,* not *atall.*
But that's the way with *everythin* when boys is only small. . . . .
You can't do this; you can't do that— Not *nothin* whens it's wet.
When I are old I'll do um *all*—just *every one,* I bet.
But ooh, then spose I might get sick— An then I might get dead!
Cuz mama always tells the truth an that's whut mama said. . . . .
Just *see* it rain. . . .an, ooh, so *dark.* I wished it would get *light.* . . . .
I wish the rain would *never* rain—but only rain at night. . . . .

A BIRD

I bets a bird
Must love his wings. . . . .
An maybe that's
Just why he sings!
Acuz it's them
Whut always brings
Him near to all
His eaty things!

*

Guess eaty things
Is why he sings!

*

Whut brings his sings
Is eaty things. . . . .

DREAM

I likes to sit
An sorta dream. . . . .
An sorta see
Just how tud seem. . . . .
Now, if the sun
Ud always beam
An I could live
On just ice cream. . . . .

*

I loves to dream
Bout how tud seem. . . . .

*

I seem to dream
About ice cream. . . . . !

I DON'T CARE IFS HE *WUZ* SO BIG—

I don't care ifs he *wuz* so big, an—*big,* an—*old,*
an—*fat*—
He's only just a *ignrunt man* to holler out like
that!
He's just a ignrunt, *ignrunt* man. But *I* don't never
mind.
Ifs he'd a-*hadta'd* hollered out he'd oughta'd
doned it *kind.*
He hadn't oughta *gurred* at me as if he wuz a
bear.
I wuzn't gonta *hurt* his grass—uz only *walkin*
there. . . . .
An him a-hidin hind a bush with terble clippy
shears!
An if he'd ever catched me, *ouch,* I bets he'd
clipped my ears!
He's just a *ignrunt, ignrunt man,* an *isn't nice*
atall.
He wouldn't *dared* to gurred at me but only cuz
I's *small.*
He hollered, *"Gurr-roff-frhare,* ya, *gawn!"* I's
not asprised I ran.
But mama says to never mind, he's *just* a *ignrunt*
man!

MY POP, HE'S BUYED A BRAN-NEW CAR—

My pop, he's buyed a bran-new car—all silver lights an all—
He thought he couldn't ford it, but the price, it took a fall.
An alls ut pop has got to do before he starts to go,
Is turn that thing, an *push* that thing an, put that thing in—*low*.
But Mister Perry, down our street, he's got a better car. . . . .
I spose it *is* all pretty old an, probly's been—quite far,
But *say*! its hood's bout twice as big as dad's just gone an, got!
An if tuz *me* tuz doin it, I'd choose it by a *lot*.
Cuz whens it ever starts to go, it makes the biggest noise!
An I uv *steered* it—standin still—cuz he is fond a boys.
It hasn't got that—thing you push, but—oohie, I don't know—
I drather needta turn the crank before a car ud *go*!

OOH, *LOOKUT* ALL MY FIREWORKS!

Ooh, *lookut* all my fireworks! Isn't they a awful *pile?*
An I are gonta shoot um off in just a little while!
As soon as breakfast's over. An I'm gonta *hurry* too!
An then I'll run right out an *bang,* the minute I are thru.
An see these boxes over here? They's sparkelers, they is!
They makes all—you know—dancy stars?—an makes a sorta siz.
An all a *these* is *crackers*— Not the chewy kind you chew,
But bingy *bangy* crackers! Hasn't I just quite a few?
An look! My gun! All *those* is caps! O dear, it's hard to wait!
I *wish* they'd *hurry breakfast up!* Cuz must be gettin *late!*
Just spose I *died* before I banged!— Ooh, hopes I *never* die!—
But *boy,* I hopes I *never does* till after *Fourth July!*

IT'S AWFUL LOVELY OUT TODAY—

It's awful lovely out today—the sunshine's *awful* bright.
Ooh, hopes tull stay this dandy way away until it's night!
Cuz, *ooh,* I hates those rainy days whut rains old rain all day!
Cuz whens it's all such rainy rain you can't go out an play.
Cuz yesterday tuz rainy, an it made me terble mad.
But now today's so good it makes me terble good an *glad.*
So whens my mama ast me would I get a loaf of bread,
I didn't make a fuss atall: I wented right ahead.
I think it's *easy* bein good when all's so—bright an nice.
An ooh, now, whens I's bringed it home I's gonta get a slice!
O dear, it's awful happy out when you are bein good!
I guess if could I member it I guess I always would!

O DEAR—

O dear—it's awful dreary—see how dark it is tonight. . . . .
An stills I spose it's clear, I spose: the stars is pretty bright—
But I don't want to look ut um: they makes me feel too sad. . . . .
They doesn't whens I isn't—but I'm feelin *pretty* bad. . . . .
No, thank you—doesn't want some grapes—don't want some grapes atall . . . . .
Yes, maybe by an by prehaps I'll—go an get my ball.
I doesn't wanta have a catch, but maybe by an by. . . . .
I doesn't wanta have a catch, but—never mind, tho, why. . . . .
No, thank you—doesn't want to walk. I drather stay in here.
Cuz if I wented out to walk I wouldn't feel so—*near!*
O *dear!* I'm *just* so *lonely!*— Doesn't *even wanta play*. . . . .
Acuz I are so—*lonely*—cuz my—mama's—*goned away!*

MY DAD, HE GOTTED RESTED!

My dad, he gotted rested! Just for *turnin*! Right today!
An then he made him come to jail. An then he made um pay.
An just for *only cuz* he *turned*! You'd think they'd letcha *turn.*
An whens he said he *didn't* know, he said, "You'd better learn." !
An, boy, I satted terble still, now, sos he wouldn't see—
Cuz if he'd seed me, boy, he probly'd went an rested *me!*
An when we got to jail my dad, he ast me, whut I'd do!
He ast me would I come, or if I'd stay there till he's thru?
I telled him pretty quick, I did, I guessed I'd only'd *stay!*
An I wuz very glad, boy, whens that pleece had got *away.*
That pleece, he wuz a *harble* pleece. He made me just so *mad!*
They wuz a lots a *other* men. He needn't rested *dad.*

I WISH UT I COULD BE—

I wish ut I could be the man ut cuts the hedge an all—
I likes him twice: acuz he's nice, an—cuz he's, ooh, so tall!
An he can do just *everythin*: He makes the flowers' bed,
An—then he goes an digs um up, now, whens they's getted dead,
An—ooh, you know the rabbit hutch. He made the *rabbit* hutch!
I guess they's *nothin he* can't do, he knows so dreadful much!
An once he found a penny, an he *gaved* it to me too!
He said, "Why, here's a penny! Must been hidin here for *you!*"
I thinks the way he *gives* me things, he's, ooh, just, *ooh,* so good!
I surely'd like to be like him! I'd liketa lots, I would,
Cuz he can wear all used-up clozs, an shovel in the dirt,
An if he gets it on his self, it doesn't even hurt!

I'M PLAYIN I'RE THAT HARBLE PLEECE—

I'm playin I're that harble pleece whut went an rested pop.
An I ull rest you if you *go* or ifs you even *stop*.
An I ull take you off to jail for *everythin* they do.
An someday I ull *be* a pleece an, *do* it—maybe—too.
An I ull take um offs to jail, ooh, if they *dares* to turn!
An whens they say they *didn't* know, I'll say, "You'd better learn!"
An I ull say, "You'd better'd learn!" no matter *whut* they say.
An if they even *doesn't* turn, I'll rest um tills they pay.
An I ull make um pay a *lot*—unness they's dreadful poor.
But fore I goes an lets um go I'll sure be—*dreadful* sure!
But ifs they's got some boys with him—I'll never rest the boys—
Not is they still— But boy! suppose—they starts to make some noise!

THE MOON IS *AWFUL* BIG TONIGHT—

The moon is *awful* big tonight—most big as
papa's spare!
An, sides, tud look lots bigger *too,* if reely you
wuz *there.*
An it's as round as papa's spare—it's reely just
as round. . . . .
But *it* goes rollin cross the *sky,* astead a cross the
ground! . . . . .
Ooh, spose it wuz a great big ball—a reely bouncy
ball,
An I could sit on it an ride—an roll on it, an
all! . . . . .
I think it's awful pretty, sorta sittin way so
high. . . . .
It's just a-sorta sittin there, now, restin in the sky.
An ifs you look an reely try, you sees a face, you
can—
It reely only *looks* like that—it's not a *reely* man.
But maybe it's a reely man—whut's mama's just
like mine,
An scrubs his face until he howls—an *that's* whut
makes um shine!

MY MUSIC TEACHER'S WENT AWAY!

My music teacher's went away! I's *glad* he's went away!
Cuz, boy, I hates to practice. *I* don't never wanta play.
He's gonta stay away a month! I wished he stay some more!
Cuz I don't wanta learn to play, so why's they make me for?
They says I'll like it by an by. I doesn't *likes* it *now.*
An *if* I'll like it they could wait till *then* to learn me how. . . . .
I guess I'd never like it tho. I never guess I would.
Acuz I think it's just so bad, I'll *never* think it's good.
An sides it's only *foolishness* asides a-bein bad
Cuz—I can play the player now just good as even *dad* . . . . .
But *nows* I hasn't got to practice till he comes again!——
An maybe—I'll forget so much—they'll let me stop um then?

A PRETTY ROSE

I only love a
Pretty rose.
I wonder how it
Ever grows?
An does it like to
Take a doze?
I loves it lots. . . . .an
So's my nose!

REELY GOLD?

I wonder would it
Be too bold
To ask this pin is
Reely gold?
I—guess I'll—wait till
I are old
Cuz they's no rush cuz—
Gold don't mold.

O WELL—

O well—I spose I *has* been bad. But anyway. . . . .
O *dear*!
They oughta go forgive me now an, let me out of here! . . . . .
I been here—*leven* minutes now. I guess I *can* tell time!
I *hates* that tree!— An whut's they good for ness they's for to climb?
An spose I *does* go tear my clozs?— Just spose I *does!*— Don't care!
I can't be always thinkin bout the things I hasta *wear*. . . . .
I know they telled me not to climb. I know I did it too.
But wuzn't it a *dreadful* thing to tell me *not* to do?—
But still I know I disobeyed. I know tuz awful bad.
An if they needsta keep me in I mustn't go get mad. . . . .
But *ooh!* It's *awful* slick out now! I *hasta* go an play!—
I wish they'd wait an, punish me. . . . .until a *rainy* day. . . . .

I THINK I'D LIKE TO LIVE WITH GOD—

I think I'd like to live with God away up in the sky,
An watch the little twinkly stars, an see the moon go by!
An I could take a nice long walk along the Milky Way. . . . .
An whens I'd thought I'd walked enuf, I'd ask dear God to play.
An when I'd sorta tired a that, I'd find a fluffy cloud,
An lie right down an sleep a while, if that's whut God allowed.
An I ud dream all *happy* dreams. . . . .an sleep till I wuz done—
An then I'd help to blow the stars, an help to start the sun!
An I could find where nighttime goes when daytime comes instead—
An I'd ask God, now, does it hurt to say my prayers in bed? . . . . .
An then I'd think I heard my folks, an so I'd go an see—
An I ud take a little star an bring it home with me. . . . .

THEY MUST BE *TERBLE* LOTS A ROADS—

They must be *terble* lots a roads: I wonder wheres they go?
I guess I'll ask my mama, cuz I'd surely like to know.
An some of um is reely red, now, cuz they's made a brick.
An, then they are some white ones too, an, they is awful slick.
An then they is some others, too, whut's—sorta only grey.
But they's the ones I love the best, cuz, *they* goes way away! . . . . .
An then they's some whut papa *hates,* whut's only bumpy dirt.
They bounces good an terble, but they reely doesn't hurt.
I wonder wheres they alls can go? I's never seed the end.
For always whens we leave um they is still *another* bend. . . . .
O dear—there are so *many* roads! They's just a terble load.
Cuz every place ut dady turns they *always* are a road!

I LOVES TO WATCH THE FIREFLIES FLY—

I loves to watch the fireflies fly, an sometimes whens it's night
I run around a-catchin um, an holds um till they light.
An whens they's litted reely good, I lets um go, an then,
As soon as they has got away, I catches him *again.*
An then I play ut they's the stars an I're a terble man
Ut catches stars acuz they's gold—just many as he can!
An then the man feels *awful* bad acuz he's been so *bad*—
And so he looses all the stars, an makes um terble glad!—
But not tonight— I won't *atall*— I'll only watch tonight. . . . .
An maybe I ud count um when I sees um make a light. . . . .
But won't go chase um— *Won't* not— *None.* It makes me *wanta die*—
Acuz I hurt that firefly so that firefly couldn't fly!

I'S GOT A BRAN-NEW TEN-CENT PIECE—

I's got a bran-new ten-cent piece my gramma gave to me!
I didn't just know *whut* to buy an sos I comed to see.
My dady's buyin papers while I'm lookin round this store,
But I's just found so *many* things I gotta look some more. . . . .
I've found so many— Ooh, look *there*: A reely little boat!
I wonder would it reely *go*?— But anyhow tud float.
An— Ooh! Look *there*: they's reely guns! An they's a *cannon* too!
I wonders does that cannon aim, like, cannons reely do?
I— *Ooh!* Look *there*— Ooh, *lookut* ut— Ooh, *now* I guess I know,
You just sits down an pushes *that,* an, then ut makes you *go*! . . . . .
O dear—I'd *love* to try it— But they's told me not to touch—
Ooh, *that's* the thing I reely *wants!* But—guess it costs too much. . . . .

I LIKE THE MAN UT BRINGS THE ICE.

I like the man ut brings the ice. He's just as
brown as dirt.
I like him, so I ast her, an she says ut *that* don't
hurt.
She says he's *just* as good as white. The *brown* is
only thin—
She says it's whut's *inside* a you; it tisn't just your
skin.
I's glad: I wants to like um, cuz look here, you
wanta see:
Cuz here's a little piece a *ice* he went an gived to
me!
An *man,* he must own loads a ice! He comes most
every day,
An mama says he'll bring um some to anyone
who'll pay! . . . . .
I wonder how he gotted brown, an does he know
he is?
Spose *my* skin got so terble tan it gotted brown
as his!
I wouldn't care. . . . .not *terble* much—acuz he's
terble nice.
An if it *did*—why, I could be the—man ut brings
the ice!

OOH, *STAY* AWAY! OOH, STAY *AWAY!*

Ooh, *stay* away! Ooh, stay *away!* O rain! stay *way* from here!
Cuz don't you know we wants to go? I wants it nice an clear!
Ooh, lookut there! Ooh, way off there! It's sorta gettin light!
It's only just a little, but it's sorta *kinda* bright!
My dad, he says we'll start at nine unness it rains by then.
Ooh dear, I hopes it doesn't, ness it quick clears up again!
Ooh, lookit there! It's gettin clear! Cuz see? Cuz they's the sun!
The sun an rain, they's fightin!— Boy, I wished he had a gun!
Ooh—nows he's gone! Ooh—where'd he go?— I wish he'd show some more!
Ooh, just see there! Oohs, gettin night!— Ooh, *rain!*— Just see it *pour!* . . . . .
My pop—he said he's fraid tud rain, now, cuz tuz red at dawn—
O *dear*—I wish tud stayed away until we getted gone!

IT'S GETTIN SORTA TWILIGHT NOW—

It's gettin sorta twilight now—the sun's all gone
to bed. . . . .
An pretty soon the little stars ull twinkle buv my
head.
They's only dreamy fireflies whut has flied away
so high
Ut God has let um stay there, just to help to light
the sky. . . . .
It's awful nice at twilight. . . . .all's so nice an all
so still—
I love it when the lazy sun is sleep behind the hill.
An now tonight a little wind is whisprin to the
trees
An tellin um bout way off far. . . . an all the things
he sees. . . . .
An all's so nice, an. . . .*mmm* so nice, an *mmm* so
cool an nice. . . . .
Today tuz, *ooh,* just *terble* hot. But now tiz cool
as ice.
I's pretty glad it's twilight now—I likes it such a
lot. . . . .
I wish tuz *always* twilight. . . . .But I's sorta glad
it's not.

THEY'S SOMETIMES I JUST SIT AN THINKS—

They's sometimes I just sit an thinks a all the things I'll be,
An thinks a all the things I'll do, an, all the things I'll see.
I thinks a woods. . . . .an, pretty towns like whut you sees on trains. . . . .
An think a lakes, an, sunny days, an days it only rains. . . . .
An. . . . .think a all the way-off roads. . . .an winds ut blow an blow—
An thinks a clouds ut sails the sky, an wonder wheres they go. . . . .?
I think a alls the things I can—the world's so *awful* nice. . . . .
An some of um are just so good I hasta think um *twice*.
I think a ships a-sailin off—away far off to sea—
An then I thinks a—all the things I wish they'd bring to me—
An I ud take um—every one—an they'd be—mine —to *keep*. . . . .
I'm—not so awful—sleepy—but—I guess I'll—go. . . . . to. . . . .

MY BIRTHDAY'S COMIN . . . .

My birthday's comin. . . . .pretty soon. An, *ooh,*
tiz hard to wait!
But it tull come fore very long an then. boy, I'll
be *eight*!
An won't I be just terble old? I wonder how tull
be?
I bet tull be just terble *good*. . . . An pretty soon
I'll see!
An won't I be a nearly man? . . . . I usta sorta
dream
Bout how tud be when I uz eight. . . . .I wonder
how tull seem?
But I ull kiss my mama tho!— An even kiss my
dad.
Cuz ifs I couldn't kiss um both, I'd just think
eight uz *bad*. . . . .
I wonders—how—tull—ever seem? I guess I'll
like it tho.
I hopes I does— I guess I will. An pretty soon
I'll know.
I liked it bein seven lots. . . . .I think tuz good as
gold—
I wonder how—the world ull seem whens I are—
EIGHT YEARS OLD. . . . .?

Bon voyage!

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